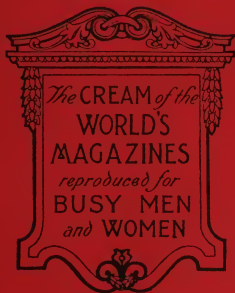


MARCH

# BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE



*The* MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

LIMITED

MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG AND LONDON, ENG.

*Publication Office 10 Front St. E. Toronto.*

and 88 Fleet St., London, E.C.

\$2.00 a year

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should be sent to at once—before it is made a closed up for another year of success.

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Vol. XV.

No. 5

## The Busy Man's Magazine

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Issued Monthly by THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED  
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President

CANADA—  
Toronto 20 MAGEE—A. B. Carroll, Manager  
Toronto 10 Front St. East—J. McGee, Manager  
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UNITED STATES—  
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THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 48 Dearborn St., Chicago



DR. G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G.

Director of the Rhodes Scholarship who lately visited Canada. Dr. Parkin has just completed writing the life of Sir John A. Macdonald in the series of biographies, "Masters of Canada."

# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XV

MARCH 1908

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## From Cadet to Rear Admiral

Some stirring incidents in the career of a Toronto gentleman who joined the Royal Navy forty-two years ago.

THE first Torontonian to fly his flag as a Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy is John Denison. This is, indeed, a great honor, and one of which Canadians generally should feel proud.

Many residents of the Queen City, more particularly those living here in the fifties and sixties, will remember John Denison, as a bright, merry lad. The boy of those days has now developed into a commanding figure in the Navy of His Majesty. He entered as a cadet on the Britannia at Dartmouth, in 1866. Just forty years later he had risen to the rank of Rear Admiral.

In company with his wife and two daughters, Admiral Denison paid a visit to Canada last summer. He is one of the most courtly and considerate of men. Of engaging manner, and possessing a quiet, jovial nature, he at once finds a warm place in the hearts of all who come in contact with him, either in a social way or in the discharge of his official duties. In

disposition he is extremely modest. He has a keen sense of humor and can relate a good story in capital style.

His naval career is full of interest and incident. He has traveled in all parts of the world, and sailed many seas.

Rear Admiral John Denison is a son of the late Col. George T. Denison, of "Rusholme," Toronto, and a brother of Col. George T. Denison, Police Magistrate of Toronto. The late Lieut.-Col. Fred. C. Denison, Lieut.-Col. Septimus Denison, and Lieut.-Col. Clarence Denison are also brothers.

Rear Admiral Denison was born at "Rusholme," Toronto, on May 25, 1853, and entered the Royal Navy as cadet on the Britannia, at Dartmouth, at the age of thirteen. For some time he saw service among the South Sea Islands, and was there at the time Commodore Goodenough was killed in 1875. For some years he was in the fleet in Chinese waters, commanding H.M.S. Firebrand, which winter-

ed several winters at Tientsin, near Peking. He was Commander on the H.M.S. Anson, when H.M.S. Howe was raised at Ferrol, in Spain, the Anson being a ship engaged principally in the saving of the Howe. He was in the fleet of which H.M.S. Captain was one, when the Captain capsized and sank with nearly all on board. Captain Denison was Commander of the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert during the years 1893, 1894 and 1895. While holding this position, he went with the Duke of Comaught, who was representing the Queen, to St. Petersburg to attend the coronation of the Czar, and the Duke took the Captain with him to Moscow, where the festivities and function were witnessed. On the return voyage, Captain Denison accompanied the Duke to Stockholm, where they were entertained by the late King of Sweden.

For two years Captain Denison commanded H.M.S. Melampus in the Persian Gulf. Afterwards he commanded H.M.S. Niobe, and with the Diadem they formed the escort of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his visit to Australia as far as Gibraltar. When the Prince was coming to Canada on his return, the Niobe and the Diadem met him at Cape Verde Islands and escorted the Oplur to Quebec and from Halifax back to England.

In 1903-4 he commanded the battleship Montagu, in the Mediterranean Fleet, and in 1905-6 held the position of Superintendent at the Royal Dockyard at Pembroke, until his appointment as Rear Admiral on September 18th, 1906.

In 1878, Rear Admiral Denison was married to Miss Florence Ledgard, of Ellar Close, Roundhay, Yorkshire, and has a family of two sons and two daughters. His sons are John I. Denison, barrister, of London, England, and Bertram N. Denison, Lieutenant in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, now temporarily at-

tached to the Permanent Infantry Corps at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

On December 3rd, last, Rear Admiral Denison hoisted his flag on his old ship the Niobe, as Commander of the Devonport Division of the Home Fleet, in which there are about twenty ships. He has also been appointed President of the Devonport War College. He is the first Torontonian to fly his flag as Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy.

The great grandfather of Rear Admiral Denison, when he came to Canada from Yorkshire, settled at Kingston. When about to return to Yorkshire he proceeded to the capital, then Niagara-on-the-Lake, to say goodbye to Governor Simcoe. The latter, was disappointed at the thought of Captain Denison, going back to the Old Country, and told him that he intended to establish a new capital across the lake. He asked him to come there and not to leave the country. Captain Denison remarked: "What are you going to call the new capital?" to which the governor replied: "We intend to call it Dublin."

"If you call it York I will stay," observed the Captain. His Excellency agreed to this proposition and so the name of the new capital was changed to York. In an old official document Toronto was called "Dublin."

The town was named York in honor, it was said of the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief. Whether as a joke or to be consistent the township was called York, the county York, the two rivers after the two Yorkshire rivers, the Hamber and the Don, while four townships near were called Whitby, Scarborough, Pickering, Whitchurch, all Yorkshire names.

For several generations the Denison family were the largest land owners in Toronto, and to-day are among the largest real estate holders in the city.



REAR ADMIRAL JOHN DENISON

A Canadian who entered the Royal Navy as cadet on the Britannia, at Dartmouth in 1865

## Titled Women Who Are in Business

THEY occupy no various categories from subject of engraving interest—Countess of Warwick was formerly of rank to be regularly in trade—How royalty entered in business enterprise.

THE success which Englishwomen of title have achieved in business enterprises forms a subject of engraving interest, and a recent issue of *Vogue*, New York, devotes considerable space to the work of ladies of title in England who, turning to the marts have been singularly successful.

Formerly the one resort for an impoverished Englishwoman of good birth was to become a governess. To-day, owing to the abominable manner in which the world over, the instructor of children is treated, this field is being carefully avoided by those who otherwise would prove most desirable to place in charge of a brood of rampant youngsters.

Once started in the business world, the enterprise shown by some titled women is amazing. At the present time London enjoys the sensation of placarding a ladyship as billiard marker in an establishment enjoying the patronage of Mayfair and Belgrave, and from many similar indications it would appear that the scope of the coronet behind the counter in England is far more extended than that of her path-finding sisters.

When the American woman of acknowledged social standing first went into trade, she ventured through seas of family opposition. Not so the Englishwoman who stands smilingly under her signboard with Queen Alexandra as sponsor and patron. The Queens, as the legitimate head of fashion throughout the vest British domain, appears to-day before the world in the role of a woman of astonishingly progressive ideas and independent ideas and independent attitude, since this is in direct opposi-

tion to the attitude of Queen Victoria.

The astounding financial conditions in the peerage revealed at the coronation in 1901, explains the present large number of titled women to whom has become imperative this necessity for adding to their income in order to properly maintain their standing at Court. The discovery by King Edward that few of the coroneted contingent could afford new coronation robes or the resetting of their family jewels for the magnificent ceremonial at Westminster Abbey, resulted in his order for greater simplicity than has ever before been recorded for such an event.

With the exception of her corsets, Queen Alexandra confined her purchases to English firms. And it is her custom when passing any of the London shops kept by women of position, to lean from the carriage with smiling inclination of the head. For years a Paris corsetiere has annually enjoyed a three days stay at Buckingham Palace. During such times she is busy with measurements, fittings and refittings, followed by a careful supervision of the entire royal wardrobe. While the fact that royalty purchases any of its wearing apparel or makes the slightest purchase from a firm, gives in England a prestige resulting in golden guineas from the public, there are curious restrictions attaching thereto. Not until the firm has been established for four years and thus proved its right to be quoted among survivors of the fittest, may it use for advertising purposes the all-important fact that it enjoys the royal patronage.

And there are even more uncomfortable conditions attaching to this

royal favor. Under no circumstances may a bill be rendered a second time to royalty. This is irrespective of the amount purchased, or the time elapsing between such purchase and



MISS SYBIL HILLIARD  
Proprietress of the Little Green Shop in Atherton Street, who visited Queen Alexandra among her customers.

eventual settlement. It is but just, however, to explain that delays in payment should not be laid at the door of the Crown. All bills are received and audited by persons of the royal exchequer. Their whims and caprices decide whether a cheque is sent in immediate payment or the firm compelled to an indefinite wait. In a number of instances this prolonged and cruel delay in adjustment of bills has resulted in disastrous failure to the business firms.

Burton and Grafton Streets are unique in London, for scarce a shop upon their course but is owned by a woman of title. In the majority of cases the name is carefully omitted from the chic signs and bill heads. A notable example to be cited is that of the late Honorable Mrs. Packington, whose hat shop in Grafton Street was known by the firm name of Lillie.

The Countess of Warwick was the first titled woman to go regularly into trade. In her famous Bond Street lingerie shop she not only attended personally to her customers, but kept

the books with an accuracy that would have done credit to an expert. The royal consent was necessary before this shop could be opened, and as the late Queen Victoria was an exceedingly conservative woman, it proved no easy task to gain the permission without which no man or woman of high degree in England may at any time enter into trade.

After some years success in her lingerie shop there came the Queen's mandate that it must at once be closed or sold. The Honorable Margery Greville was to be presented at Court, and forthwith all connection with trade by the ancient house of Warwick must cease, since the royal ruling was that no daughter of trade was eligible for presentation at the Victorian Court. There was the further worldly consideration that by the mother remaining in trade, the daughter's opportunities for a suitable matrimonial alliance would narrow to the vanishing point.

Passing from Piccadilly into Al-



THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK

Who is well known for her efforts in setting on sale the work of Irish peasants.

bemarle Street will be noted at 242, a modest sign, Miss Hilliard, parlourier. Londoners of the Court set and those ardently desirous of breathing the same air with the living element

of Burke and de Brett, bestow a liberal patronage upon The Little Green Shop in Albemarle Street, for it is known that the Queen stands foremost as a customer. This distinguished list includes the Bishop of London, the Dowager Empress of

prior, a highly connected gentlewoman, was left suddenly penniless. Realizing that any of the ordinary occupations open to Englishwomen of rank gave at best a meagre living and were accompanied by countless humiliations, Miss Hillard turned her



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK  
The Pioneer of Titled Trade-women

Russia, the Grand Duke George of Russia, the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess of Greece, the Empress of Spain, the Duchess of Sparta, the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia and the Duchess of Portland.

A half-dozen years ago the pro-

attention to manikuring. For three years she went the rounds from house to house of her old friends. Then having secured such a clientele of regular customers as made success a foregone conclusion, she leased the Little Green shop in Albemarle Street and put up the sign, Parfumerie,

# TITLED WOMEN WHO ARE IN BUSINESS.

erie, under which her customers secure skilled attention in manicure, face massage, hair dressing and a supply of the latest luxuries of toilet adjuncts. A charming feature of this shop is that the assistants, like their energetic owner, are well born girls, each of whom is in turn sent for the winter in charge of a branch establishment at Cannes.

The Honorable Mrs. Knox is the proprietor of a perfumery and manicure establishment, enjoying distinguished patronage of the peerage, and Miss McArthur practically shares with her this list of purchasers in one of the daintiest shops which London can boast. Lady Alexander Kennedy, in her prosperous dressmaking shop in Hanover Square, is to all in-



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY  
Wife of the former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Countess was before her marriage the beautiful Miss Richard Gurney

Mrs. Bartlett, dressmaker, on Grafton Street, is another of the English women of quality who is heaping up riches in the world of trade which she has courageously invaded. The Countess Fabricotti has attracted to her hat shop in South Moulton Street customers of whom any one might be pardonably proud.

tents and purposes one of the Court dressmakers.

The Countess of Limerick, as well known in London society as in Ireland, because of her practical work in uplifting the condition of poor women of her native land, has established a number of agencies for the sale of Irish lace, made by her peas-

ant proteges. In addition to this she is now at the head of what has grown to be an immense enterprise in the annual sale of shamrocks. The first consignment sent several years ago to London on St. Patrick's Day, was purchased by every officer and soldier stationed within sound of Bow Bells, and this pretty fancy has now developed into an annual custom of immense dimensions.

Lady Brassey for a time ran a model farm upon one of the family estates in England, and Lady Dudley, the lovely young wife of the ex-Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is accredited the silent partner in a flourishing business in Piccadilly. One of the historic paintings owned by the Earl of Dudley, the death of St. Cecilia, by Murillo, was sold by him some years ago during a depression in his coal mining operations at his estate in Worcestershire, and now hangs in the Dresden Gallery.

A clever Englishwoman has within three years past achieved in an entirely novel line an income sufficient to send her son and daughter through college, and as well maintain herself. This is in the patenting of fortune-telling cups and saucers, which sell at two and three shillings, marked off in sections similar to a voodoo map. The key to the fortune-telling process accompanies each cup in a printed chart. At the start, in order to get out her patent, the inventor was compelled to borrow the money.

In addition to the enormous business transacted openly by leading Englishwomen, there is a surprisingly extended sub rosa aria, wherein women with pedigrees extending back to William the Conqueror, besiege the American Consulate in London to solicit at a guinea a head the custom of newly-arrived Americans of wealth. In shopping for or with the otherwise too heavily tariffed newcomers, these Englishwomen save many pounds, shillings and pence to their customers. The guinea a day charge is exclusive of cab hire, luncheon, teas and tips, by the way. All such addenda must be on a scale commensurate with the standing and antiquity of the title figuring in the case.

A plan now under way is, when next season's big liners discharge their lists of millionaire passengers, for these to be met by personal representatives of coronets behind the counter. Every American woman selected for such meeting will then be presented with an exquisite toilet bag, filled out with dainty samples of the attractive goods to be found at each of the fashionable shops taking part in this enterprise.

And that there may be no annoying mistakes each article will be carefully labelled with the firm name and address.

Note.—The cuts illustrating this article are used through the courtesy of Vogue, New York.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business; but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—Robert West.

## Charles Dana Gibson Creator of American Social Types

By FREDERICK MARSHALL IN FENNER'S

TO build up a great brilliant career and that by twenty years of stoop-shouldered, brain-lashing industry; to achieve at eight-and-thirty an actual, solid fame and an annual income embracing five fat figures; to have one's handiwork appreciated equally in Paris, Kentucky and Paris, France; to satirize society and still be beloved of it; to be reckoned by cool, impartial critics as the greatest of living masters in one of the most exacting of all artistic mediums; and then, almost in a day, to sweep aside these sweets of destiny as if they were an incubus; to tear down blithely what had been reared with so much pain and patience; to topple over with placid deliberation this pretty pile of blocks and cast upon the ash-heap that for which most men would barter life itself—in short, to abandon utterly what was, without doubt, the most extraordinary and substantial personal success in the whole history of illustrating—is precisely what Charles Dana Gibson did, two years ago, when he threw away his drawing pens and sailed for Europe to study painting, to begin at the beginning of a new and difficult enterprise and learn to look on nature from a fresh angle of vision, to see things hereafter prismatically.

In renouncing illustration Gibson has practically renounced himself, for Gibson the painter, no matter how great his attainments on canvas, will never again be quite the Gibson we have learned to love and marvel at in the pages of the periodicals. And yet, in sheer justice to him, we must recognize the fact that

Gibson at forty, in his present-day fullness of physical and mental vigor free to do that which he has all his life desired to do, can scarcely go down-hill; he has merely arrived at a parting of the road. "I've simply come to a point where I feel I can do better work in a broader field," is the way he explains and justifies his action. There is another important fact to bear in mind—Gibson's success has been a financial as well as an artistic one. He is practically a man "retired," sitting comfortably on his money bags. "No other worker in monochrome has enjoyed the monetary success he has had. His reported income of \$65,000 a year is well within the fact, that Gibson has a fine head for a business deal. In the happy description of one of his friends, "He was illustrating the troubles of young men and women in love, while buying real estate in New York out of the proceeds of these heart-throb drawings."

On that November day two years ago when it was published broadcast that Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the "Gibson Girl" and master cartoonist of American social life, would no more draw for reproduction but would seek a brand-new reputation as a painter of portraits, there was a fine and genuine hullabaloo in the art world—and out of it. The news came as a distinct shock. Gibson was an established institution, and only earthquakes or a board-meeting can disrupt established institutions. But here was the confronting fact—an earthquake and board-meeting rolled into one

—Gibson had "chaucered" illustration. It was as if the death of a friend had been megaphoned from the roof-trees. The bomb was well haired and well timed. On the heels of the explosion came the announcement of the publication of Gibson's tenth annual book of collected drawings—and his last. Then followed a widely-advertised exhibition of the artist's best work, and in the midst of it all three alien pictures—portraits in oil, good ones, too—Gibson's first publicly displayed work in the medium he was henceforth to make his own, the medium he was to conquer and enslave and bend to the bidding of his hand and eye.

There was a vast amount of noise and dust and beating of brass in all this, and Gibson was least happy of those interested. But he went out in a blaze of glory; no American artist has ever been sent away from his own land with so much vociferous acclaim, with so many bouquets flung after him. He might almost have been a Bowery politician embarked on an up-state vacation. It is clear enough to those who know him that Gibson was mighty glad when the fireworks were over and the spot-light was turned the other way round.

Gibson is painfully modest; he simply won't talk about himself. Touch him upon his work, his methods, his future hopes, and he is as mute as the tomb of Moses. But start him on baseball, football, the latest affair of the prize-ring, or the work of some promising new-comer in the field of art and he is almost eloquent. He is diffident by nature; it is part and parcel of his personality, not a pose. He is six feet shy; a schoolboy with a bald head, a wonderful jaw and an infectious laugh. To make him tell his own story one must employ the arts of the diplomat, play him up and down stream like a trout, feed him a query here and there as the interlocutor does his end-men in the minstrels. Finally, after many injections of

foreign matter and an aftermath of careful elmination there is left a fair residuum of pure Gibson. And it is well worth while, this verbal alchemy, for, like all men that do things notable and big, Gibson, once launched on the sea of talk, has his own estimate of life, his own viewpoint, his own way of pressing what he knows and what he feels.

"An artist," says Gibson, tugging between the white wings of his huge collar as if to give his throat greater freedom for speech, "an artist is less interesting personally than the least of his works. Doubtless most public characters enjoy the glare of the limelight and have a thrill when they are pointed out in the streets, but for the rest of us that sort of thing is an ordeal we gladly forego, a terror from which we flee in a panic. I think that artists, more perhaps than any other class of men, should avoid personal exploitation. A painter, an illustrator, should put all of himself in his pictures, and these should stand or fall by their artistic merits. How can it affect my professional status or change my technique to have it published that I am fond of green peas and boasting, that I prefer black to red cravats and that, all things being equal, I take my maternal eggs done on one side only, am fond of Chopin and think Theodore Roosevelt the real thing in Presidents? Who really wants my opinion on any subject? Can prattling do anything but harm to the prattler—the prattler in print? A vast amount of rubbish is published in the name of art. A man should let his work talk for him. An artist determined to succeed must cut loose from afternoon teas and the cheap flatteries of newspaper lady interviewers. I've managed to side-step the busy-body heart-to-hearters for a great many years, I've avoided talking for publication until I've grown positively superstitious over it. Perhaps even now I am doing myself a great and lasting injury!"

It was made evident by the twinkle

in his eye and by the up-curling of his mouth- corners that Gibson did not look upon his present indiscretion quite as seriously as his words would seem to imply. He has wit, dry crackling wit, this man, and humor, penetrating, cleverly, garbed, warm humor, genial and rosy as a grate-fire on a December evening. But why state the obvious? One can see the real Gibson in any of his splendid story-telling drawings. He has always lived up bravely enough to his own dictum, "Put yourself in your work"; the man and his mind are reflected in every stroke of his pen. A narrow-minded person never could have evolved the Gibson breadth of handling; a weakling in spirit or physique never could have executed the large, human ideas he has given us in such abundance and with such apparent ease. One must meet this man face to face to understand his greatness. There is something in his quiet poise of head, in his strong, clean-cut countenance, in the frank, level look of his eye, in the larger planes of his face, as sculptors say, which conveys the impression of an antique mask—a mask of early Greece. Gibson would make a joke of this; and that would be a surface indication of his innate modesty, a signal of distress advertising his fear of posturing. Perhaps, after all, it isn't quite fair to call a man of forty an antique, and yet the simile holds. After two years of wandering and out-door study in lower France, in Spain and Italy, Gibson's countenance, sun-tanned, is now more mask-like than ever—a mask of bronze.

Can you imagine anything more indiscreet, nay, anything more dangerous and devilish, than to touch upon the subject of the "Gibson Girl" in discussing serious art problems and the serious future with Gibson, the now serious painter? Think of the half-million times that world-worn phrase the "Gibson Girl" has been flung at him; fancy the countless ways in which the

words have insinuated themselves into his every-day life! Is it a matter for marvel that the artist has become bored with the "Gibson Girl," after so many invariable years? Can you hold him blameless if he feels himself a Frankenstein and flees from that which he himself has created? Hear him on the subject:

"The 'Gibson Girl' is dead—she died several years ago, five perhaps—but her poor disembodied spirit goes marching on, a kind of ghostly feminine Wandering Jew in a dinner-frock; they won't let her stay in her grave where I decently laid her, moons and moons since. I tried to give her a rest by marrying her off and presenting her with a family of children. Poor girl, she simply had to wed in self-defense. It was no good—she still remained the 'Gibson Girl.' I made her a widow, and a sweet young thing in her teens. I even took her out of her social environment; I made her a hoyden, a shop-girl, a rollicking bohemian, but the popular name clung to her through every transformation. It is strange how tenacious the public is in this matter of labels. And here is the truth of it all: I never consciously set out to create a special or particular type of American girl. I think, in justice to myself, my efforts have had a wider reach than that; I couldn't be content with just one character or a single set of characteristics all cast in the same mold. I suppose I must continue to live down my youthful flirtations with the sex, and let the imaginary special type wear out her welcome."

When he is interested and talking, Gibson has a way of folding himself up, bringing his knees to the level of his chin, his feet on a chair-rail or a table-ledge and his large, strong, well-formed fingers locked over his shinbones. This seems to help him concentrate his thought; it is a boyish trick and you like him for it.

"I am not saying the girl type I



drew at the outset was an artistic indiscretion," pursued the artist; "I was trying to realize on paper the real American young woman—pretty, well-gowned, high-bred, distinctive. I never supposed she would develop such powers of cohesion with popular approval. She was never more frequent, never more dominant than other figures in the group; never more studiously drawn. She happened to please the fancy more than the rest—that's all. It is a bad thing for an artist to strike a popular vein early in his career. He becomes associated in the minds of people with one line of work, with a single character, with a fixed and set achievement. This makes his other work fall into secondary place and importance, being about very often a false appreciation for what has been tagged as a dominant note, and really better efforts are in this way overlooked, neglected."

And this, then, is the genesis of the "Gibson Girl." She came upon the scene unheralded, she came often in a crowd, she did not project herself to the fore, she made no frantic struggle for recognition, she did not announce herself as a type pre-eminent, and yet she was barely on the boards before she was acclaimed as the ideal of a girl-adoring public, the sign and symbol of the eternal feminine at its zenith of charm and beauty. I suspect that Gibson himself has not quite cast her away from him, lovely benzoin though she be, and that he will return to her, with more or less consciousness, again and again, presenting her in new, and more wonderful incarnations, and in the more material yet subtler cannibilities of pigments and canvas and enlaid with the greater glory of harmonious color.

Dana Gibson—he was never Charles or Charlie to family or friends—came into being at Roxbury, Massachusetts, September 14th, 1857. New England influences have touched him very slightly. He is a hardened New Yorker, if he

bears any civic trademark. That he was to be among the first of popular picture-makers in America could be neither foreseen nor very earnestly desired by the elder Gibsons. There was a certain strain of artistry running through the family, and if any definite wish for the boy's future was formulated it must have taken the shape of a prayer that he might be spared the drab uncertainty and erraticism of the art life.

You cannot keep a duck long away from the water where duck and water are in the same neighborhood. Boston is responsible for Gibson's art and present-hour fame. Boston was near enough to Roxbury to mold a boy's thoughts with its picture galleries and print shops, if a boy had that kind of inclination. Gibson was not a precocious kiddie, but one or two of his childish scribbles, preserved in some miraculous way, indicate a rather better understanding of shades and proportions than the usual credulities of the pencil-wielding period. All children are artists at one stage in their development. You can smile indulgently when you find some one writing that a great artist began to draw while he was yet in the nursery; the drawing habit at that period is coeval with the mums and whooping cough. Gibson proved no exception; he was just a bit more methodical and accurate.

Shortly after his people brought him on to Flushing, Long Island, he got seriously to work in his craft and for one full year he plunged away in the Art Students' League. That was back in 1882-84. It was not until 1886 that his first drawing appeared in print. According to Gibson it was "a measly half-baked thing of a dog barking at the moon, very badly done, very foolish and pointless." And yet it was the real beginning of a brilliant career. The picture appeared in *Life*. It was without signature and Mr. Mitchell, the editor, had no means of knowing who the artist was; it had been

brought in, hurriedly left, and bore no address. It was thought good enough to reproduce, and its appearance made a very bold man of the Flushing youth, for he soon brought in other things and these were signed—signed with that long, attenuated scrawl that has since cost publishers a pretty penny to possess.

Probably no young artist had such discouragement at the beginning as did Gibson. He had tried the magazine editors until he was footsore; he was rebuffed like a beggar. I dare say he could present some beautiful, grim statistics as to the exact number of steps leading up to the editorial sanctuaries of familiar New York publishing houses. He did not suffer for lack of the commoner comforts, for there was always his home across the East River. He did suffer mentally; he was sure he was a failure. Often he considered whether he should seek a clerkship; only the thought that he might prove a worse clerk than artist held him to his original resolve. He owes all that he is today to *Life*, whose far-sighted editor picked him out for a winner, as he has many another struggler to the front.

Gibson had fallen squarely on his feet in 1888, though he had not yet found his métier. His work at this period was chiefly political cartooning. In the Cleveland-Harrison campaign he put out of hand a number of clever, convincing drawings—drawings in which there were force and humor and the sting of satire. Then of a sudden he entered on a new field, with society for his target. Here he "found himself." His humor became subtler, his satire still keen but more nicely balanced. He made excellent use of his friends, especially Richard Harding Davis, who posed for him at all times. Davis himself was just coming into his own in those rear days, and in Gibson's pictures he played many parts—a lover, a cabman, a pugilist, a soldier, a waiter, all the stock char-

acters of the modern society drama on paper.

And speaking of Richard Harding Davis, it may not be amiss at this juncture to quote his encomium on Gibson. Few men know the artist better than the author of "Soldiers of Fortune" and a dozen other popular novels. Said he: "I find Dana's pictures wherever I go, and editors send me all over the world. In Yokohama I found his books of drawings used to fill double window displays. In Germany I met some people who, on being presented to the Kaiser, were asked if they knew Dana Gibson, whose work, the 'war lord' said, he admired greatly. The King and Queen of England when they were the Prince and Princess of Wales purchased his pictures in the Strand. I have seen them decorating the palm-leaf shacks of Central America, and in Durban, South Africa, I have seen them stuck on the walls of houses. I do not believe people in America know, and I am sure Dana doesn't know, how widely popular his pictures are, because until now he has not traveled much. The aid he has given me in selling my books by means of his illustrations has been incalculable. And this is no little compliment but merely a business act. Where a book of mine without illustrations would sell ten copies; if Dana put a few pictures of long-legged men in it, it would sell twenty." That is a fine, square, manly thing for an author to say about an artist collaborator.

Gibson is anything but a recluse, he has always been fond of contact with his fellows. He is what we call in Americaneese "a good mixer." Despite his inherent shyness he is not of the artistic ilk that mopes in the twilight, or works away from the crowd. I think he has but little patience with ultraesthetes who emulov the slogan "Art for art's sake." "Good work seldom goes long unappreciated," says he. "In the beginning one's audience is apt to be a small one and appreciation feeble,

but conscientious effort and sound results are far too scarce to remain unrecognized. One of the great defects in the make-up of most artists is their mental narrowness. This usually comes from enforced or perhaps a voluntary isolation. To spend all of one's time within the four walls of a studio is to get out of touch with the human side of life. The theory that an artist must of necessity be impractical is all wrong. There is no reason in the world why a painter or an illustrator should confine his success to art alone or limit his efforts to the studio. If an artist has interests of a legitimate nature which bring him into other spheres of activity, into contact with men and women of dissimilar inclinations and pursuits, his range of vision must necessarily widen, his sympathies deepen, and his understanding of human nature become more comprehensive and himself broadened. Of course no one can succeed if his efforts are scattered. Any one who rises above the level of the commonplace is an artist. The one thing to be dreaded when success arrives is the "big head"; but the "big head" is a disease nearly always peculiar to very small men.

In the evolution of Charles Dana Gibson's style as a draughtsman there have been six successive steps: In his earliest work he resorted to fine lines and much ineffectual "cross-hatching." In his first drawings of social types we find him blending fine lines to a tone, with less cross-hatching, but dark shadows and always a careful outline. Later he got into a way of drawing in parallel lines, avoiding solid blacks and now and then dispensing wholly with an outline. Then came a period when his effects were achieved with lines finely crossed in the background, but kept to a grey and even tone, and the faces of his men and women shadowed darkly and of woody texture. Finally, out of these experimental methods, came the bold,

shading lines sweeping down across his faces. His drawings seemed simpler, but it was the simplicity of mastery. His outlines in this last stage are sure, brilliant, daring, and his use of blacks as bold as Sassa.

In his work put forth just prior to his abandonment of pen and ink Gibson reached the pinnacle of his powers. His drawings lost their coldness of paralleling lines, his mannerisms no longer flaunted themselves over the composition, for the handling of each new subject determined its exact technical treatment. His feeling for color is very pronounced in each of his final drawings, and maintaining color-values with bare lines and splashes of black is no easy thing to do, as any artist will tell you. The formation of his style has been in keeping with Gibson's whole career; he has progressed step by step from small achievements to greater ones.

I once asked Gibson how long it took him to complete a certain "he and she" composition upon which he was then at work. "I began this one fifteen years ago," he replied. To my look of bewilderment he responded: "That is not egotism. You know what I mean. It takes a man a lifetime to acquire the 'know how.' The lawyer who receives a fee of thousands for a few hours' work is being paid for the years of toil it took him to reach the point where his advice is cheap at any price. Just so with the artist. I receive a thousand dollars apiece for my pen-and-inks because there lie back of them twenty years of experience, of hard work, of conscientious study and intense application of eye and hand. In the actual mechanical production I may turn a finished drawing in a day; I destroy ten unsatisfactory things to every one that is reproduced."

It was this ability to view the work of his own hand with an impartial scrutiny, to estimate his own creations as if they were those of an utter stranger, which has enabled

Gibson to climb up where he stands to-day. As a painter he will doubtless achieve a newer and greater fame upon the same uncompromising terms. To Gibson the world never seemed to owe him a living; the world was his oyster and he boiled it whole and asked no questions. When a man cherishes the conviction that the world owes him a living the time is ripe for him to waste right in and collect the debt; this Gibson did almost in his teens.

Although he has gone abroad to study some of the old and the new masters of art Gibson has no intention of alienating himself from his native soil as did Whistler—who began his career as a monochromatist and ended it the same way—as did Sargent, Abbey, Boughton, and a score of others. Gibson is all American in thought and in spirit. "American artists," he declares, "are doing the best work in the world to-day. Our people are not yet alive to the fact, but the fact remains. I am living abroad merely to study what has been done in the past and to let every influence play upon me in the countries I visit. I worked for the money at first, and now that I have accumulated some I shall work for better things. The dollar should not always be the chief consideration in one's art; but as conditions exist to-day it is necessary first to acquire a competence, and then search out one's ideals."

Once a year, Mr. Gibson declares, he will return to America "just to keep in touch with things." Last June he made a vacation trip to this country, going to Islesboro, Maine, for a few months and returning to Paris early in November. In a talk about his future plans he affirmed he had no definite line of action. "I am just working along and destroying most of what I produce. I am not studying under any particular master, though I have established an atelier in Paris. I get criticism, plenty of it, and good, wholesome criticism, too. I know a number of the best men in the

French capital—painters of high repute, and they come around and tell me candidly what they think of my work. I have learned a great deal in the past two years; much of my present knowledge would have helped me enormously in my old line of work. I study faces and figures and grapple with the technique of painting. I think I am making a little progress. My chief concern is for simplicity of treatment and directness of handling. Strong work must be simple. The color is not as important as the correctness of values. The problems in oil painting are pretty much what they are in black-and-white drawing. I enjoy my new work tremendously, and I just go ahead doing things and destroying them. When I can satisfy myself that I have mastered my new tools I will stop barring up my canvases and let the public see what I have done. I am not trying for any particular technique—that will come. I believe, of itself. You cannot be a painter in a day, nor a year, nor two years. I have been fighting with my new medium for nearly that length of time and I am just beginning to get a grip on it. I can make no promises—not even to myself. I can only continue to paint and destroy, paint and destroy, and again paint and destroy."

Gibson has the splendid faith of a Christian martyr. He could not be boastful if he tried. He is probably already a sound technician with the brush; he was that, indeed, before he set sail for Paris. But he has yet to achieve results that will not merely pass muster; they must satisfy him, they must be unique. He has faith in himself, faith in the ultimate triumph of his will over the tools of his new trade. You cannot abash nor discourage a spirit and a determination such as his.

"I recommend pen-and-ink for beginners," was his advice when asked to explain his preference for the medium through which he won his renown, "and the reason is simple:

by using line their shortcomings are easily seen and located. In other mediums the tyro is apt to be non-committal and deal in broad, pale smudges, somewhere inside of which he hopes the right drawings may be. It is far better for him to do this drawing in a definite way, for the louder it calls out for correction the better off he is. To draw correctly should be a beginner's first concern. Time is needed, and if none of it is wasted style will be acquired quite unconsciously." And yet does any one believe that the mere flight of time, time well spent to be sure, has produced the Gibson style? Genius is neither an inheritance nor a cultivated plant; it is a rare, inexorable bacillus and it fastens on mighty few moderns.

It has been suggested that a permanent gallery of drawings in black-and-white representing the choicest products of American illustrators be established in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The idea seems a capital one and worthy of the country's greatest art institution. Should the idea fructify and such a gallery become an established fact, Charles Dana Gibson must needs occupy considerable wall space therein, since no synthetic or historical array of American pictures can ever

be complete without a full contribution from his portfolios. Such is the indelible stamp of the man on his own time.

What Gibson may accomplish in colorful canvases during the days to come, what he has set himself to do in the way of high achievement is, after all, an unwritten page. Let us wish him God-speed in his ambitious task; but do not let us for a moment forget that he has given us a set of characters as individual as those of Dickens, as true to the life as any camera product, but glorified by the genius of his style. He has made us happier on many an occasion by the sheer force of his wit, his satire, his marvelous understanding of the human creature. It is not the "Gibson Girl" that will keep a memory of him alive in the hearts of men and women in all stations of life; it is something far more profound than the creation of a single type. It is his intuitive and unerring instinct for the essentials of character, his swift interpretation of what lies under the skin and clothes of his pen-and-ink people which has given him a place apart among the world's great illustrators, a place he will hold secure despite all his future failures, all his future success.

We can have the highest happiness only by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves. The great thing is to love—not to be loved. Love is for both worlds. Perfect happiness is for the other only.

## His Trial Balance

By Thomas Jackson in *Collier's Weekly*

OF COURSE, they were fashionable, at least Mrs. Chadwick was, and that was sufficient. Mr. Chadwick was satisfied to resign all such things to his wife, and when he left his luxurious home of a morning to go to his business office, he left all thoughts of trying to be fashionable far behind him, and only concerned himself about making the wherewithal to keep things going.

It was a very different sort of place from his home, that dingy building, where Mr. Chadwick spent so much of his life. On the first floor were rows and piles of red and blue barrels full of oils that smelled, and great tin cans full of varnish that smelled, and the floor was black with dried oil and varnish that helped each other to smell. In fact, the whole place was pregnant with oil and varnish, and it was quite proper that it should be, for it was an oil and varnish business that was carried on there.

It was to this place that Mr. Chadwick came, as he had come every morning, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, with perhaps a few vacation days in summer, for the past thirty years. On this particular day his mood, evidently, was not a bright one, and as he read his morning's mail he looked gloomier still. When he had passed to the book-keeper such communications as belonged to that clerk's department, Mr. Chadwick fell to thinking, brooding, it might better be called. Presently he took up a scrap of paper and commenced figuring upon it: for an hour or more he went through elaborate calculations which could not have turned out to his

liking, for, at length, he threw down the pencil and leaned back in his chair with a sigh, clasped his hands over his head, and stared blankly at the ceiling. He was interrupted by a clerk who put his head in at the door and said that Mrs. Chadwick was downstairs and would like to see her husband.

"Well, ask her to come up," was the reply.

"She's waiting in a carriage," the clerk added.

"Can't she get out of the carriage?" Mr. Chadwick questioned. "Tell her I'm very busy and show her up."

The clerk vanished. Soon after the sound of mingled voices on the stairs announced the approach of more than one visitor, and, the office door opening, two ladies entered.

"My Dear George," said the first, as she sank gasping upon a chair and loosened the sealskin wrap which enveloped her from neck to heels: "My dear George, those stairs are terrible; it's like climbing a ladder. Why don't you have an elevator, and why do you stay in such a dirty place? The smell here is something frightful—it's stifling Mrs. Harris, too."

Mr. Chadwick was engaged in greeting the other lady, and did not reply to his wife's remarks. She, therefore, proceeded to deodorize her nostrils from the smell of varnish with the fumes from an exquisite vinaigrette which would have been a prize for a museum. As she smelled, first on one side of her nose, and then on the other, she listened to her husband while he talked to Mrs. Harris, with an expression as of

watching for a chance. In a pause in the conversation, Mrs. Harris sighed, upon which her friend exclaimed with concern:

"Why, you are just tired out, Annie; George, you must be fined heavily for making two ladies come to such a place as this."

"I didn't make you come, pardon me," her husband answered.

"You sent for us to come upstairs, when you could have gone down to the door without any trouble," Mrs. Chadwick replied.

"I did not know there was any one with you," Mr. Chadwick began, "or—"

"Why, I'm surprised at you, Mr. Chadwick," Mrs. Harris exclaimed, tapping the gentleman on the arm with a pocket book which was capable of holding bank bills without folding them.

"Well, I apologize," he said with a rueful laugh. "I was busy when you came, and told the clerk to show you up, without thinking."

"Then pay your fine and we'll forgive you," his wife declared playfully, but she held out her hand with a decided look.

"Am I not to be pardoned?" he asked, appealing to Mrs. Harris. She shook her head, laughing.

"Evidently not till the fine is settled."

"Well, fix the sum," he said, grimly as he drew out his wallet.

"Five hundred," his wife answered promptly. Mr. Chadwick started. Looking at his wife, he saw that she was quite in earnest; the talk of a fine was to hide a deeper meaning.

Laying down his wallet, he simply said: "Oh! at that rate you'll have to take my I.O.U."

"No, indeed, sir, a fine must be paid on the spot. Besides, George, I really want some money. Jessica's birthday fete comes off on Monday, and there are lots of things to be got."

"Why not draw a check to yourself on your own bank?" Mr. Chad-

wick asked dryly. The play was beginning to tire him.

"Oh my bank has suspended, I'm bankrupt, my dear, till my stipend comes in. Now, do hurry up, that's a good man. Mrs. Harris has an engagement this afternoon, and she is to help me select the decorations for Monday night."

The merchant rose wearily from his seat and left the office. From the hall he called with sudden recollection: "Oh, Bertha!"

Mrs. Chadwick responded in person and stood half within, half without the door, while her husband asked in a loud voice, that could be heard in the office: "How do you want the money—all large bills?" This he accompanied with gestures, in obedience to which Mrs. Chadwick went quite into the hall and permitted the spring door of the office to close behind her.

"Bertha," Mr. Chadwick said then in a low voice, "you must not spend anything like this money. I can't afford it. I haven't got it to give you."

His earnest manner and stern voice startled her a little, but she had been through so many similar scenes that she quickly rallied from the momentary fear that what he said was true.

"Nonsense, George; the idea! a man with your credit and standing."

"Credit and standing are all I have to go on now, and I shall not have them long." He looked gloomily at the floor.

"But what can I do? I wouldn't make a failure Monday for the world. It would break Jessica's heart, and besides it would ruin her to make a poor appearance upon her debut."

"Then it's a choice between ruin and ruin; and that's all."

"Do you mean to say that five hundred dollars will ruin you?" Mrs. Chadwick exclaimed with fine scorn.

"Not that alone, but all coming together. I heard from your dress-maker this morning."

Mrs. Chadwick quailed a little.

"Well," she sighed, "never mind then. I'll tell Mrs. Harris that we are ruined, and I'll recall the invitations for Monday. Poor Jessica; the child will cry her eyes out."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Bertha, by blabbing all you know and bringing the house down on us. Go back in there; I'll see what I can do."

She left him, and he went into an adjoining office, where his book-keeper was at work.

"Mr. Reid," he said, "have you got five hundred dollars on hand?"

"No," the clerk answered; "shall I send for it, sir?"

"Well, I want to make a note at the bank this afternoon," Mr. Chadwick replied nervously. "I shall go up to see them myself about it. I don't want to draw anything out before them, and—by the way, have you got that much yourself that you could let me have till this afternoon?"

Now the book-keeper had to his own credit in bank just five hundred and five dollars which he did not wish to draw upon, but a request from his wealthy employer for a loan was such an honor that he hastened, with gratified pride, to draw a check, which he sent to the bank to be cashed.

A very good reason, besides the one Mr. Chadwick assigned for his not wishing to draw his own check for the amount might have been found on the stub of his check book. The balance shown there to his credit was in precisely two figures.

The messenger despatched by the book-keeper returned from the bank bringing Mr. Reid's whole fortune in ten crisp new bank notes that made up the sum total of the "fine" which the ladies' visit cost Mr. Chadwick, and as he saw them stowed away in his wife's pocket book he felt in his heart somewhat as one may feel when watching the blood drip from a stanchless wound.

He accompanied the ladies to the carriage and they drove away with

smiles and nods. Then he returned to his dingy office, to his piles of heavy ledgers, to his black, time-worn desk, where he sat idly fingering the stubs of his check-book, thinking, thinking, thinking. By and by he roused himself from his meditations, and went again to the little office where the book-keeper was poring over long columns of accounts.

"Mr. Reid," he said, "make out a memorandum of what paper will be due on the first, and let me have it before you go to lunch; or, perhaps, you had better give me a statement of bills receivable and payable. I shall have to make a note until that Gresham & Coote's matter comes in, and I want to see how we stand."

The memorandum which his clerk handed to Mr. Chadwick a little later was not a reassuring document. The merchant twisted his under lip with his fingers as he sat poring over it, and his forehead wrinkled with an anxious frown. He laid down the paper and sat gazing at a cobweb in the corner of the ceiling.

"Grind, grind, grind," he muttered. "Thirty years with my nose on the grindstone, and turning the crank myself."

Again he looked over the memorandum, and again he fell to thinking, his eyes on the cobweb. The spider up in the corner crawled to the edge of its web, lost its balance, and tumbled to the floor. But it had left a silken clew behind, and immediately commenced to follow the thread. It reached the ceiling, and again it fell, and still again, when it lay in a little ball on the floor, as if completely discouraged. Mr. Chadwick watched the insect until it unrolled itself and commenced to climb once more. "Fool," he muttered, "what do you try for? You will tumble out again. Stay on the floor till some one steps on you, and you will have done with that everlasting spinning and climbing."